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BRAGANZA.

A

TRAGEDY.

Performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

WRITTEN BY

ROBERT JEPHSON, Esq.

DUBLIN:

Printed for Messrs. EXSHAW, SLEATER, POTTS, CHAMBERLAINE, WILLIAMS, WILSON, HUSBAND, PORTER, WALKER, JENKIN, FLYN, and HILLARY.

M,DCC,LXXV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO LADY

VISCOUNTESS NUNEHAM.

MADAM,

I HAVE many reaſons to be flattered with the public reception of this Tragedy, yet I confeſs my ſolicitude for its reputation extends further.

Your Ladyſhip's having permitted me the honour of inſcribing it to you, will in ſome meaſure gratify my ambition by recommending it to the reader, whoſe judgment is not influenced by the adventitious aſſiſtance of theatrical decorations and the graces of action.

Where your Ladyſhip's name appears as a patroneſs, merit will be expected; and where there is a wiſh to find any, probably none will paſs unnoticed.

Whatever motive may be aſſigned for this Addreſs, my principal purpoſe will be fully anſwered if your Ladyſhip accepts it, as a teſtimony of my gratitude for the favours I have received from the Noble Family to which you are ſo happily united, and of the perfect eſteem and reſpect of

MADAM,

Your Ladyſhip's

Much obliged and

Moſt obedient

Humble Servant,

ROBERT JEPHSON.

Dublin Caſtle,
Febr. 1775.

PROLOGUE.

Written by ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

WHILE in these days of sentiment and grace
Poor comedy in tears resigns her place,
And smit with novels, full of maxims crude,
She, that was frolick once, now turns a prude;
To her great end the tragic muse aspires,
At Athens born, and faithful to her sires.
The comic sister in hysteric fit,
You'd swear, has lost all memory of wit.
Folly, for her, may now exult on high;
Feather'd by ridicule no arrows fly;
But if you are distress'd, she's sure to cry.
She that could jig, and nick-name all heav'n's creatures,
With sorrows not her own deforms her features;
With stale reflections keeps a constant pother;
Greece gave her one face, and she makes another;
So very pious, and so full of woe,
You well may bid her "To a nunnery go."
Not so Melpomene; to nature true
She holds her own great principle in view.
She, from the first, when men her pow'r confest,
When grief and terror seiz'd the tortur'd breast,
She made, to strike her moral to the mind,
The stage the great tribunal of mankind.
Hither the worthies of each clime she draws,
Who founded states, or rescued dying laws;
Who, in base times, a life of glory led,
And for their country who have toil'd or bled;
Hither they come, again they breathe, they live,
And virtue's meed through ev'ry age receive.
Hither the murd'rer comes, with ghastly mien!
And the fiend conscience hunts him o'er the scene.
None are exempted; all must re-appear,
And even kings attend for judgement here;
Here find the day, when they their pow'r abuse,
Is a scene furnish'd to the tragic muse.
Such is her art, weaken'd perhaps at length,
And, while she aims at beauty, losing strength,

Oh!

PROLOGUE.

Oh! when resuming all her native rage,
Shall her true energy alarm the stage?
This night a bard---(our hopes may rise too high,
'Tis yours to judge;—'tis yours the cause to try)
This night a bard, as yet unknown to fame,
Once more, we hope, will rouze the genuine flame.
His; no French play;---tame, polish'd, dull by rule!
Vigorous he comes, and warm from Shakespeare's school.
Inspir'd by him, he shews, in glaring light,
A nation struggling with tyrannic might;
Oppression rushing on with giant strides;
A deep conspiracy, which virtue guides;
Heroes, for freedom who dare strike the blow,
A tablature of honour, guilt and woe.
If on his canvass nature's colours shine,
You'll praise the hand that trac'd the just design.

EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

IS it permitted in this age severe,
For female softness to demand a tear?
Is it allow'd in such censorious days,
For female virtue to solicit praise?
Dares manly sense, beneath a tender form,
Presume to dictate, and aspire to warm?
May so unnatural a being venture
As a true heroine on the stage to enter?
No, says a wit, made up of French grimaces,
Yet self-ordain'd the high-priest of the graces.
Women are play-things for our idle hours,
Their souls unfinish'd, and confin'd their pow'rs;
Loquacious, vain, by slight attentions won,
By flattery gain'd, and by untruths undone.
Or should some grave great plan engage their minds,
The first caprice can give it to the winds;

EPILOGUE.

And the chief ſtateſwoman of all the ſex
Grows nervous, if a fop or pimple vex.
Injurious ſlanders!---in Louiſa's air
Behold th' exemplar of a perfect fair;
Juſt, tho' aſpiring; merciful, tho' brave;
Sincere, tho' politic; and tho' fond, no ſlave;
In danger calm, and ſmiling in ſucceſs,
But as ſecuring ampler means to bleſs.
Nor think, as Zeuxis, for a faultleſs piece,
Cull'd various charms from various nymphs of Greece,
Our bard has center'd in one beauteous whole,
The rays that gleam thro' many a ſeparate ſoul,
On Britain's and Iverne's ſhores he ſaw
The models of the fair he dar'd to draw;
True virtue in theſe iſles has fix'd her throne,
And many a bright Louiſa is our own.

PERSONS.

Don Juan, Duke of Braganza	Mr. Reddiſh.
Almada	Mr. Aickin
Ribiro	Mr. Palmer.
Mendoza	Mr. Brereton.
Antonio	Mr. Wrighten.
Mello	Mr. Wheeler.
Roderic	Mr. Wright.
Ferdinand	Mr. Norris.
Lemos	Mr. Uſher.
Corea	Mr. Hurſt.
Velaſquez, Miniſter of Spain	Mr. Smith.
Pizarro	Mr. Davies.
Ramirez	Mr. Packer.
Officer	Mr. Keen.
Firſt Citizen	Mr. Wright.
Second Citizen	Mr. Griffiths.
Ines	Mrs. Johnſton.
Louiſa, Dutcheſs of Braganza	Mrs. Yates.

Gentlemen, Attendants, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, LISBON.

BRAGANZA;

A TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Piazza.*

Ribero *meeting a Spaniſh Officer conducting two Citizens bound.* Lemos *and* Ceres *following* Ribiro *at a little Diſtance.*

Rib. HOLD, officer—What means this ſpectacle?
Why lead you thus in fetters thro' the ſtreets
Theſe aged citizens?

Off. Behold this order. [*ſhews a paper.*

Rib. I know the character. 'Tis ſigned Velaſquez.

1*ſt Cit.* We have not mines of exhauſted gold
To feed rapacious Spain and ſtern Velaſquez:
And wrung by hard exactions for the ſtate—

Off. No more—I muſt not ſuffer it—

Rib. (*pointing to the priſoners.*) Pray, Sir—
See theſe white hairs, theſe ſhackles—Miſery
May ſure complain—You are a ſoldier, Sir,
Your mein beſpeaks a brave one—

Off. I will walk by.
Detain them not too long—'Tis a harſh ſentence.

[*Officer withdraws a little.*

2d Cit. O good Ribiro, what have we deſerved,
That theſe rude chains ſhould gall us?

Rib. What deſerved!

1ſt Cit. The little all our induſtry had earn'd,
To ſmooth the bed of ſickneſs, nurſe old age,
And give a decent grave to our cold aſhes,
Spain's hungry minions have already ſeized.---

Rib. I know the reſt---Dry up theſe ſcalding tears---
The hour of your deliv'rance is at hand:
---An arm more ſtrong than ſhuts your priſon doors,
Shall burſt them ſoon, and give you ample vengeance.

Cits. May we indeed expect---

Rib. ---Moſt ſure---But huſh---
Reſume the ſemblance of this tranſient ſhame,
And hide your hope in ſadneſs---Brave Caſtilian,
Thanks for this courteſy. [*To the Officer, who returns.*

Cits. Lead on --Farewell.

[*Exeunt Guard and Citizens.*

Lemos *and* Corea *come forward to* Ribiro.

Rib. Was that a ſight for Liſbon?

Lem. O ſhame! ſhame!
What crime cou'd they commit? --- Old, helpleſs, plunder'd---

Rib. ---Even thoughts are crimes in this diſtemper'd ſtate.
They once had wealth as you have---Spain thought meet
To ſeize it---They (raſh men) have dar'd to murmur.
Velaſquez here --our ſcourge---King Philip's idol.
Whom Portugal muſt bow to--mildly dooms them,
But to perpetual bondage for this treaſon.

Lem. We muſt be patient---'Tis a cureleſs evil.

Rib. Is patience then the only virtue left us?
Come, come, there is a remedy more manly.

Cor. Wou'd it were in our reach!

Rib. Look here, I graſp it.

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

What turned to ſtatues!---Hence enfranchiſement
If the quick fire that lately warm'd your breaſts,
Already waſtes to embers.---Am I raſh?
We touch'd this theme before---You felt it then.
Wou'd I cou'd put a tongue in every ingot,

That

That now lies pil'd within your maſſey ſtores---
Your gold perhaps might move you---Spain will ſeize it.
Then bid you mourn the loſs in the next dungeon,
Or dig her mines for more---Is't not enough?---
Inſtruct me, Lemos, you, good Corea, teach me
This meekneſs ſo convenient to our foes,
Or pierce this ſwelling boſom.

Lem. Who can teach it?
Tis not in art Ribiro---Know us better.
The canker diſcontent conſumes within,
And mocks our ſmooth exterior.

Cor. Hear me for both:
For all th' indignant hearts in Portugal---
If curſes ſpread like plagues and peſtilence,
Thus wou'd I ſtrike them at the towers of Spain.
May her ſwoln pride burſt like an empty bubble?
Diſtraction rend her councils, route and ſhame
Purſue her flying ſquadrons---Tempeſts ſcatter
And whirlpools ſwallow up her full man'd navies!
Bold inſurrection ſpread thro' all her ſtates,
Shaking like pent-up winds their looſe allegiance!
All Europe arm, and every frowning king,
Point at one foe, and let that foe be Spain!

Rib. O be that curſe prophetic ---Here 'tis dangerous;
Nor will the time allow to tell you all.
But thus far reſt aſſured;---I ſpeak not raſhly---
A project is on foot, and now juſt rip'ning,
Will give our indignation nobler ſcope,
Than tears or curſes (prieſts and womens weapons.)
All that ſecures the event of great deſigns,
Sage heads, firm hearts, and executing arms,
In formidable union league with us,
And chain capricious fortune to our ſtandard.

Lem. Say, can our aid promote this glorious cauſe?

Rib All private virtue is the public fund:
As that abounds, the ſtate decays, or thrives;
Each ſhou'd contribute to the general ſtock,
And who lends moſt, is moſt his country's friend.

Lem. O wou'd Braganza meet the people's wiſh!

Rib. He is not yet reſolved,---but may be won---
Cou'd I aſſure him men like you but wiſh'd it,
(For well he knows and loves you---Truſt me, Lemos!

It wou'd do more to knit him to this cauſe,
Than legions of our hot nobility.

Cor. We love his virtue --will ſupport his rights --

Rib. Then ſhew it by your deeds.---Your artizans
Are prompt, bold, hardy, fond of violence.
Alarm their ſlumb'ring courage, rouſe their rage,
Wake their dulled ſenſes to the flame and ſcorn
That hiſſes in the ears of willing bondmen,
If they will hazard one bold ſtroke for freedom,
A leader ſhall be found, a brave --a juſt one.
Anon expect me where the ivied arch
Rears the bold image of our late Braganza.
In ſullen diſcontent he ſeems to frown
As if ſtill hoſtile to the foes of Liſbon.
There we'll diſcourſe at large---Almada comes--

Lem. Is he a friend?

Rib. A firm one--No diſhonour
E'er bow'd that rev'rend head---That mighty ſpirit
W en firſt the oppreſſor, like a flood, o'erwhelm'd us,
Rear'd high his country's ſtandard and defied him.
---He comes to ſeek me---Loſe no time---Remember.

[*Exeunt Lemos and Corea.*

Rib. (alone) I ſhou'd deteſt my zeal, cou'd it be ſtir'd
Againſt the wholeſome rigour of reſtraint
Licentiouſneſs made needful--But good Heaven!
Foul murders unprovok'd, delib'rate cruelty---
---The God within us muſt riſe up againſt it.

Enter Almada.

Alm. Well met Ribiro---What new proſelytes?
Thy ardor every hour, or finds, or makes them.

Rib. No---thank the Spaniards for our proſelytes—
Scarce half an hour ago, two citizens
(My blood ſtill boils) by fell Velaſquez order
Were drag'd to priſon---

Alm. Spare my ſoul, Ribiro,
Superfluous deteſtation of that villain.

Rib. Knowing this way they were to paſs, I brought
Lemos and Corea (whom laſt night I founded)
That their own eyes might ſee the outrages;
Men of their order muſt expect to meet
From power that knows no bounds, and owns no law.

Alm.

Alm. 'Twas wiſely done; for minds of coarſe alloy
But bluntly feel the touch of others wrongs,
Tho' deep they take the impreſſion of their own.'
Rib. By heav'n their fury bore a nobler ſtamp;
Their honeſt rage glow'd on their kindling cheeks,
Broke thro' the cold reſtraints of coward caution,
And ſwell'd even to an eloquence of anger.
Alm. 'Tis well--but are they yet inform'd how near
Th' approaching hour, deciſive of our fate,
That gives us death or freedom——that the dawn——
Rib. Not yet——They ſtill believe the Duke at noon
But viſits Liſbon to command the march
Of our new levies, to the Spaniſh bounds;
Himſelf to follow ſtreight——Ere then I mean
Again to ſee them, and ſtill more to whet
The keeneſs of their hate againſt our tyrants.
---At leaſt a thouſand follow where they lead——
Alm. Their boldneſs well directed may do much.
Rib. That care be mine——I've ſtudied--and I know them;
Inconſtant, ſanguine, eaſily inflam'd,
But like the nitrous powder uncompreſs'd,
Conſuming by the blaze nought but itſelf.
'Tis ours to charge the mine with deadly ſkill,
And bury uſurpation in the ruin.
Alm. I think we cannot fail---Our friends are firm.
Honour will bind the noble--Hope the weak,
And common intereſt all——The inſulting Spaniard
Broods over embryo miſchiefs, nor ſuſpects
The wretched worm conceals a mortal ſting
To pierce the haughty heel that tramples him.
Rib. How great will be our triumph, Spain's diſgrace,
When ev'ry miſchief that perfidious court
Has frain'd againſt Braganza's precious life,
Recoils on the contriver!
Alm. Urge that home;
Urge how the Duke's affection to his country,
His right unqueſtionable to her crown,
Firſt mark'd him for the victim of falſe Spain:
That his commiſſion as high admiral,
His general's ſtaff, and all the lofty pomp

Of

Of his high ſounding titles, were but meant
As gilded ſnares to invite him to his death.
Rib. Theſe truths, ſhameful to Philip, muſt be told;
They will endear Don Juan to the people,
Will keep them waking, reſtleſs, and diſpos'd
To aid the glorious tumult of to-morrow.
Alm. My heart expands, and with a prophet's fire
Seizes the bright reverſion of our hopes.
I ſee the genius of our realm reſtor'd,
And ſmiling lead him to his rightful throne.
No wild ambition like a pamper'd ſteed,
O'erleaps the boundaries of law and reaſon,
And tramples every ſeed of ſocial virtue:
But o'er the temp'rate current of his blood
The gentleſt paſſions bruſh their breezy wings,
To animate, but not diſturb the ſtream.
Such is his temper——The approaching hour
Demands perhaps a ſterner.
Rib. Heaven ſtill kind,
Has in his conſort's breaſt ſtruck deep the root
Of each aſpiring virtue —— Bright Louiſa,
To all the ſoftneſs of her tender ſex,
Unites the nobleſt qualities of man;
A genius to embrace the ampleſt ſcheme
That ever ſwell'd the labouring ſtateſman's breaſt;
Judgment moſt ſound, perſuaſive eloquence
To charm the froward and convince the wiſe;
Pure piety without religion's droſs,
And fortitude that ſhrinks at no diſaſter.
Alm. She is indeed a wonder.——O Ribiro,
That woman was the ſpring that mov'd us all.
She canvaſs'd all our ſtrength, urged all our wrongs,
Combin'd our force, and methodiz'd our vengance,
Taught us that ends which ſeem impoſſible
Are loſt, or compaſs'd only by the means;
That fortune is a falſe divinity,
But folly worſhips what the wiſe man makes.
She turn'd our cold dejection to device,
And rous'd deſpondency to active valour.
My age delights to dwell on her perfections——
Rib. And I could ever hear them——Virtue's praiſe

To

To honeſt ears is muſic.——But no more——
A noiſe comes this way, and that hurrying throng
Proclaims the upſtart Miniſter's approach.
This is the hour with ſaucy pageantry
Thro' our thin'd ſtreets he takes his wonted round;
Like the dire clapping of the harpy's wing,
To choak the frugal meal with bitter tears,
And ſcare content from every humble board.
I will avoid him. But I go, proud man,
When next we meet to make my preſence dreadful.
[Exit Ribr.

Alm. Honeſt Ribiro——To this hour my ſoul
Has kept her purpoſe; my firm foot has ne'er
Swerv'd from its path in Liſbon, nor ſhall now
Give way to inſolence.——Your country's dregs!
[looking towards the train of Velaſquez.
Ye ſupple ſycophants! Ay, cringe and beg
That he will tread upon your proſtrate necks,
Or ride you like his mules.——Authority!
Thy worſhip'd ſymbols round a villian's trunk
Provoke men's mockery, not their reverence.

Offi. (entering) Make way there——room, room for the Miniſter.
Know you the lord Velaſquez comes this way?
(To Almada.)
Pray, Sir, give place.

Alm. Officious varlet, off!
Let not thy ſervile touch pollute my robe.
Can hirelings frown?——
Enter VELASQUEZ *and* PIZARRO.——*The Magiſtrates of Liſbon with their Inſignia, Guards and Attendants preceding.*

VELASQUEZ. *(looking ſternly at Almada.)*
How! Am I then deſpiſed——
A tumult in my preſence!——Good, my lord,
It better wou'd become your gravity,
To ſet the fair example of obedience
To truſt and office, than inſtruct the rabble
In what they are the moſt prone to, feuds and faction.

Alm. Moſt reverend admonition! Hold my ſpleen!
Ye golden coronets and ermin'd robes,

Bend

Bend from your stools, behold this wond'rous man,
This Lusitanian censor, this sage Cato,
This consul, with his lictors, rods and axes,
Reprove the boy, Almada, for his lightness!

Piz. Regard not his wild words, he's old and choleric.

Vel. (To his train) Attend me at the citadel — Move on. [*Exeunt attendants.*

I know not whether to accuse my fortune,
Or blame my own demerits, brave Almada,
That ever when we meet, thy angry brow
Rebukes me with its frown, or keen reproach
Darts from thy tongue, and checks the forward wish
That fain wou'd court thy friendship and esteem.

Alm. Friendship with thee! — Is it so slight a boon?
If such deserve the name, go seek for friends
Amidst the desp'rate crew, whose only bond
Is the black conscience of confederate crimes;
Nor in prepost'rous union think to join
Integrity with guilt, and shame with honour.
Know me for what I am — thy foe profess'd.
Fall on thy knee — solicit Heaven for mercy,
And tell that seat of pride, thy obdurate heart,
Its last, its only virtue is — remorse. [*Exit Almada.*

Manet VELASQUEZ *and* PIZARRO.

Vel. Go hoary fool! preach to the whistling winds;
I scorn thy council, and defy thy hate.
'Tis time enough for lagging penitence,
When age, like thine, has quench'd ambition's flame.
Now nobler thoughts possess my active soul.
This haughty province first shall feel my weight,
And since it scorns my love, thro' fear obey me.

Piz. Already all the power of Spain is thine.
The Vice Queen, Marg'ret, tho' of Austrian blood,
Discreet, firm, virtuous, complains in vain;
You leave her but a regent's empty title,
While power is only yours: — And happier still,
Braganza summon'd to attend the King,
Will soon cut off his country's only hope,
And leave no rival to obscure thy lustre.
'Bate but the shew and name of royalty,

Thou

Thou art already King.

Vel. The ſhew, the name,
All that give grace and awe to Majeſty
Shall ſoon be mine, Pizaro —— Olivarez,
Whoſe counſels rule the Eſcurial, to my hand
Has long reſign'd the reins of Portugal,
And dreams not (unſuſpicious of my faith)
The Delegate, the creature of his breath,
Anon will bid defiance to his power,
And rank himſelf with monarchs.

Piz. O take heed,
Conſider, Sir, that power ſtill awes the world ——

Vel. My towering fortune riſes on a rock,
And firm as Atlas will defy the ſtorm.
The purple cement of a Prince's blood
Shall ſtrengthen its foundation.

Piz. Ha!

Vel. Braganza's.
—The precious mixture ſwells my exulting breaſt,
And ſoon ſhall burſt its priſon.

Piz. Can it be?
I know thy dauntleſs temper mocks at fear,
And prudence guides thy daring. —— But a Prince
Follow'd by faithful guards —— encompaſs'd round
With troops of gallant friends —the people's idol ——

Vel. Is mortal, like the meaneſt of his train,
And dies before to morrow. —Ceaſe to wonder ——
But when this mighty ruin ſhakes the realm,
Prepare like me, with well-diſſembled grief,
To hide our real joy, and blind ſuſpicion.

[*Flouriſh of trumpets.*

Theſe trumpets ſpeak his entrance; never more
Such ſprightly notes, nor ſhout of joyful friends,
Pæan or choral ſong ſhall uſher him;
But ſad ſolemnity of funeral pomp,
Mute ſorrow, mournful dirges, ghaſtly rites,
Marſhal'd by death, in comfortleſs array,
Wait his cold relics to their ſepulchre.

End of the firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I. *An Antichamber in the Duke of* Braganza's *Palace.*

Ribiro, Mendoza.

Rib. A Moment's pauſe, Mendoza! here appointed
By promiſe to the Duke at noon to wait him,
I could not mingle with his followers,
So ſaw it but in part——

Men. The air ſtill rings
With loudeſt acclamations.

Rib. Yes, Mendoza;
With joy I heard them --heard the vaulted ſky
Echo Braganza.---'Twas no hireling noiſe,
No faction's roar of mercenary joy,
Sound without tranſport---but the heart-felt cry
Of a whole nation's welcome. Hear it Spain!
Proud uſurpation hear it!

Men. The whole way
Was covered thick with panting multitudes,
That ſcarce left paſſage for their chariot wheels;
The trees were bent with people; ev'ry roof,
Dome, temple, portico, ſo cloſely fill'd,
The gazers made the wonder. Here and there
A diſcontented Spaniard ſtalk'd along
Should'ring the crowd; and with indignant ſcorn
Turn'd up his ſallow cheek in mockery.

Rib. We ſhall retort their ſcorn---Mark'd you the Duke?
His mind is ever letter'd in his face.

Men. Pleaſure was mingled with anxiety,
Both viſible at once. But, O what words
Can paint the angel form that grac'd his ſide,
His bright Louiſa! like th' Olympian Queen,
When o'er her fragrant boſom Venus bound
Th' enchanting Ceſtus---from her lucid eyes
Stream'd the pure beams of ſoft benevolence,
And glories more than mortal ſhone around her.
Harmonious ſounds of dulcet inſtruments
Swell'd by the breath, or ſwept from tuneful wire,

Floated

Floated in air---while yellow Tagus burn'd
With prows of flaming gold; their painted flags
In gaudy frolick fluttering to the breeze.
On to their palace thus the triumph came:
Alighted at the gate, the princely pair
Expreſs'd their thanks in ſilent dignity
Of geſture, far more eloquent than words;
Then turn'd them from the throng—

Rib. Why this looks well.
The Duke will ſure be rous'd to reſolution
By this bright preſage of his coming glory.

Men. With grief I learn he ſtill is undetermin'd.
His fears prevail againſt the public wiſh;
And thus the ill-pois'd ſcale of our fair hopes,
Mounts light and unſubſtantial.

Rib. O you wrong him.
I know his noble nature---Juan's heart
Pants not with ſelfiſh fear--His wife, his friends,
An infant family, a kingdom's fate,
More than his own, beſiege his ſtruggling ſoul;
He muſt be more than man, who will not hear
Such powerful calls, and leſs, who can deſpiſe them.

Men. Indeed I cannot wonder he's diſturb'd,
But doubts are treaſon in a cauſe like this.

Rib. Diſmiſs theſe fears ---Louiſa's gentle ſway
Will fix him to our purpoſe. Night's chaſte orb
Rules not the heavings of the reſtleſs tide,
More ſure than ſhe with mild aſcendancy
Can govern all his ebbs and flows of paſſion.
But come, by this time the fond multitude
Have gaz'd away their longing, and retire.
Our greeting will be ſeaſonable now. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A magnificent Chamber in the Duke of* Braganza's *Palace.—The Duke ſpeaking to* Lemos *and* Corea—*Other Citizens at a little Diſtance.*

Duke. No more kind countrymen—This goodneſs melts me.
What can I render back for all theſe honours?
This wond'rous prodigality of praiſe?
What but my life, whene'er your welfare aſks it.

Lem. Heav'n guard that precious life for Portugal!
To you, as to a tutelary God,

This

This ſinking country lifts her ſuppliant hands,
And certain of your ſtrength, implores your arms
To raiſe her proſtrate genius from the duſt.

Duke. A private man, a ſubject like yourſelves,
Bankrupt of power, though rich in gratitude ——
The ſenſe of what you ſuffer wrings my ſoul
Nor makes your ſorrows leſs.

Dut. Much injur'd men
Whom love not fear ſhould govern —— from this hour
Know we eſpouſe your cauſe—We have not hearts
Of aliens, to behold with paſſing glance
And cold indifference, the ruthleſs ſpoiler
Smile o'er the ravage of your fertile plains,
We feel the fetters that diſgrace your limbs;
We mourn the vigour of your minds depreſs'd:
With horror we behold your generous blood,
Drain'd by the inſatiate thirſt of ravening wolves.
If we have nature we muſt feel your wrongs,
If we have power, redreſs them ——

Cor. Matchleſs lady
There ſpoke our rightful Queen, our better angel!
In us behold your ſervants, ſubjects, ſoldiers;
Though yet unpractis'd in the trade of war,
Our ſwords will find an edge at your command.

Duke. We neither doubt your courage nor your love,
And both perhaps ere long may meet the trial ——
I would detain you—but our conference,
Might now be dangerous—Rank me with your friends,
And know I have a heart for Portugal.

[*Exeunt Lamos, Correa, &c.*

Manent Duke *and* Dutcheſs.

Dut. Why wears my Juan's brow that thoughtful cloud
Why thus with downcaſt look and folded arms?
When ev'ry other boſom ſwells with hope,
When expectation, like a fiery ſteed,
Anticipates the courſe, and pants to hear
The ſprightly ſignal ſtart him for the goal.
Think that the people from their leader's eye
Catch the ſure omens of their future fate;
With his their courage falls, their ſpirits riſe;
For confidence is conqueſt's harbinger.

Duke.

Duke. Light of thy Juan's life! My ſoul's beſt joy!
Swifter than meteors glide, or wings of wind,
My nimble thoughts ſhoot thro' their whirling round:
A thouſand cares diſtract this anxious breaſt.
To recompenſe the dark uncertainty
Of this dread interval, 'twixt now and morn,
Would aſk whole years of happineſs to come.
Now thou art mine; theſe faithful arms enfold thee;
But oh! to-morrow may behold thee torn
By barbarous Ruffians from their fond embrace,
The flowing honours of that beauteous head,
May ſweep a ſcaffold's duſt, and iron death
Cloſe in eternal ſleep thoſe radiant eyes
That beam with love and joy unutterable.

Dut. O make me not your curſe, as ſure I muſt be,
The ſtain, the blot of your immortal fame,
If one ſoft paſſion like a languid ſpell,
Diſſolve thy manly fortitude of ſoul,
And melt the prince and patriot in the huſband.

Duke. That tender union is the healing balm,
The cordial of my ſoul —— our deſtinies
Are twin'd together — Were my ſingle life
The only forfeit of this perilous chance,
I'd throw it, like a heedleſs prodigal,
And wanton with my fortune — But, alas!
More than the wealth of worlds is now at ſtake.
And can I hazard this dear precious pledge,
Venture my all of bliſs on one bold caſt,
Nor feel the conflict that now rends my heart?

Dut. Why do you tremble? — Theſe cold ſtruggling drops —

Duke. —— They fall for thee. Louiſa my quell'd ſpirit
Avows its weakneſs there ——

Dut. 'Tis cruel fondneſs,
It wounds me deeply, Juan.

Duke. Witneſs honour!
Thy martial call ne'er found Braganza's ear
Cold, till this bitter moment. I have met,
Nay courted death, in the ſteel'd files of war,
When ſquadrons wither'd as the giant trod;
Nor ſhrunk ev'n when the hardieſt in the field

Have

Have pauſed upon the danger---Here, I own,
My agonizing nerves degrade the ſoldier,
Ev'n to a coward's frailty---Should the ſword
Which black deſtruction ſoon may wave o'er all,
(Avert it Heaven!) ſtrike at thy precious life,
Should but one drop, forc'd by rude violence,
Stain that dear boſom, I were ſo accurs'd,
The outſtretch'd arm of mercy could not ſave me.

Dut. I have a woman's form, a woman's fears,
I ſhrink from pain and ſtart at diſſolution.
To ſhun them is great Nature's prime command;
Yet ſummon'd as we are, your honour pledg'd,
Your own juſt rights engag'd, your country's fate,
Let threat'ning death aſſume his direſt form,
Let dangers multiply, ſtill would I on,
Still urge, exhort, confirm thy conſtancy,
And though we periſh'd in the bold attempt,
With my laſt breath I'd bleſs the glorious cauſe,
And think it happineſs to die ſo nobly.

Duke. O thou haſt rouſed me--From this hour I baniſh
Each fond ſolicitude that hover'd round thee:
Thy voice,--thy looks---thy ſoul are heav'n's own fire,
'Twere impious but to doubt that power ordain'd thee
To guide me to this glorious enterprize:

Dut. Thou ſhalt be chronicl'd to lateſt time,
Heaven's choſen inſtrument to puniſh tyrants.
The great reſtorer of a nation's freedom!
Thou ſhalt complete what Brutus but attempted.
Nor withering age, nor cold oblivion ſhade,
Nor envy's cank'rous tooth ſhall blaſt thy wreaths:
But every friend to virtue ſhall inſcribe
To Juan's name eternal monuments.
But ſee our friends approach---a-while I leave t'ee---
Remember ſtill---thou muſt be king or nothing.

[*Exit Dutcheſs.*

Duke *alone.*

I will ſuppreſs th' emotions of my heart.
Quite to ſubdue them is impoſſible.

Enter Ribiro *and* Mendoza.

Welcome ye wakeful guardians of your country!
Had we in all the people's mighty maſs

But

But twenty ſpirits match'd with you in virtue,
How might we bid defiance to proud Spain;
How ſcorn the cloſe diſguiſe of ſecret councils,
And challenge their full force in open combat!

Rib. Led by Don Juan, can we doubt th' event?
All things conſpire—Antipathy to Spain
Is here hereditary——'Tis nature's inſtinct,
'Tis principle, religion, vital heat.
Old men to liſt'ning ſons with their laſt breath
Bequeath it as a dying legacy.
Infants imbibe it at the mother's breaſt.
It circles with their blood, ſpreads with their frame,
Its fountain is the heart, and till that fails
The ſtream it fed can never ceaſe to flow.

Men. That furious impulſe gives the ſpleen of fiends
To ſofteſt tempers, the unpractis'd arm
Sinews with lion's ſtrength, and drives us on
Reſiſtleſs as the ſweeping whirlwind's force.

Duke. All is propitious! Every poſt is fill'd
With officers devoted to our ſervice:
Already in their hearts they own my title,
And wait but for our orders to proclaim it.

Enter Almada.

Duke. Come to my breaſt, my ſage admoniſher!
The tutor and example of my arms!
The proud Iberian ſoon ſhall feel their force;
And learn from Juan's ſword to venerate
The ame of brave Almada.

Alm Thus my prince,
Thus did I hope to find thee. Hence no more
Shall hard exactions grind the proſtrate people;
Our gentry to their provinces confin'd
Languiſh no more in ſhameful circumſcription;
No more our ancient noblemen be ſtripp'd
Of all but empty titles, tinſel names
Like tarniſh'd gold on rags to mock the wearer!
Our poſts of eminence no more be filled
With upſtart ſtrangers, or the ſordid lees
Of baſe plebian natives——

Duke. My impatient breaſt,
Full of the expected joy, like a young bridegroom,
Upbraids the lazy hours that lag between
My wiſhes and enjoyment——The onſet is——

Alm.

Alm. When St. Lazar beats five, about that hour
We'll welcome the ſun's riſing with an offering
More glorious than the Perſians Hecatomb.
Rib. At night your friends aſſemble with Almada
In dreadful ſecrecy---Then with rais'd arm
We ruſh to cancel our long debt to vengeance,
And glut our thirſty blades with Spaniſh gore.
Alm. If we ſuſpend the blow beyond to-morrow
All may be loſt.---Three thouſand veterans
Lye canton'd on the river's ſouthern ſide;
Should our deſign be known, they will be call'd
To reinforce the poſts, and guard the city.
Adieu then to our dream of liberty!
We rivet cloſer chains on Portugal,
And drag the doom of traytors on ourſelves.

Enter Dutcheſs.

Dut. Suſpend your conſultations for a moment,
Within the miniſter of Spain attends;
Forgive th' officious love of your Louiſa:
No ſtranger to his arts, ſhe warns her Juan---
Duke. I know he comes in ſolemn mockery
To make a hollow tender of his ſervice
With moſt obſequious faithhood.
Dut. My beſt Lord,
Hold ſtricteſt watch on all your word and motions;
Guard every look, with that diſcerning villain;
Subtle, inſidious, falſe, and plauſible;
He can with eaſe aſſume all outward forms,
Seem the moſt honeſt, plain, ſincere good man,
And keep his own deſigns lock'd cloſe with,
While with the lynx's beam he penetrates
The deep reſerve of every other breaſt.
Duke. I too will wear vizor in the ſcene,
And play the dupe I am not.—Friends, farewell!
Perhaps ere morning we may meet again—
The hour is fix'd, Louiſa;---all prepar'd—
Dut. Then this is our laſt night of ſlavery—
A brighter æra riſes with the dawn. [*Exit Duke.*
If we may dare without impiety
To challenge heavenly aid, and ſwell the breaſt
With confidence of more than mortal vigour,
Can Heaven ſtand neuter in a cauſe like this?

Or

Or favour fraud, oppression, cruelty?
—Now gentle friends I am a suitress to you.

Alm. You are our sovereign, madam!—'tis your right,
Not to solicit but command our duty.

Dut. Think me not light, capricious, variable,
If I who urg'd ye to this bold attempt,
And ever when your anger seem'd to cool
Pour'd oil to wake the flame and feed its blaze,
Now supplicate with milder earnestness
And strive to allay its fury.

Alm. Speak your pleasure!
The obedience of our hearts will follow it.

Dut. I know the measure of your wrongs would license,
Nay justify the wild excess of vengeance;
Yet in the headlong rage of execution,
Think rather what your mercy may permit
Than what their crimes deserve who feel your justice.
O! follow not the example we abhor,
Nor let those weapons justice consecrates
Be dy'd with drops drawn from the bleeding breast
Of reverend age, or helpless innocence.
Wilt thou take heed Almadar?

Alm. Fear not, madam,
All mercy not injurious to our cause,
Ev'n Spaniards, as they are men, from men may challenge.
For Indus' wealth I would not stain this sword,
Sacred to honour, in the guiltless blood
Of unoffending wretches—rest secure,
A prostrate and defenceless enemy,
Has stronger guards against a brave man's wrath,
Than tenfold brass, or shields of adamant.

Dut. Gen'rous Almadar! well dost thou instruct—
Soft pity is not more akin to love
Than to true fortitude.—Thy soft youth, Mendoza,
Need not be tutor'd to humanity.

Men. Heav'n and my conscious soul bear witness for me,
That not to satiate any private malice
But for the general good, I stand engag'd

In

In this great compact.---'Twere a coward's vengeance
To turn a ſacrifice to maſſacre,
And practice while I puniſh cruelty.

Rib. Till fortune give one victim to my rage,
Compaſſion and this boſom muſt be ſtrangers,
No ſanctuary nor interceding prayers,
Nor wings of angels ſtretch'd to cover him,
Shall ſave that monſter from the doom he merits.

Dut. You mean the miniſter of Spain, Velaſquez.

Rib. I mean the miniſter of hell, Velaſquez,
That cool deliberate executioner;
If he eſcape, may this good arm rot off,
All worthy thoughts forſake, and ſcorn purſue me:
Write boaſter on my forehead——let my name
Bliſter the tongue that ſpeaks it.——Infamy
Be here my portion, endleſs pains hereafter.

Dut. O would that ſacrifice might expiate!——

Rib. Pardon the raſh effuſion of my zeal;
It deals too much in words.

Dut. Not ſo, Ribiro,
Thy anger has a licenſe;——and thy zeal
We know is generous, not ſanguinary.

Alm. Madam, we take our leave---good angels guard you!
We go to prove our duty in your ſervice.
The homage of our hearts has long been yours,
And ſoon you ſhall receive it from our knees.

Dut. Believe me, friends, your loves are written here,
In characters no time can e'er efface.

[*Exeunt Almada, Ribiro and Mendoza.*

Dutcheſs *alone.*

And may the mighty ſpirits of paſt times
Rais'd by deſert to bright immortal thrones,
Suſpend awhile their taſk of heav'nly praiſe
In miniſtry unſeen to hover round them!
Protect aſpiring virtue like their own,
And in their boſoms breathe reſiſtleſs ardour! [*Exit.*

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE 1. *The Apartments of* Velaſquez, *in the Palace of the Vice Queen.*

Velaſquez, Pizarro.

Piz. YOU ſeem diſturb'd—
Vel. With reaſon—dull Braganza
Muſt have been tutor'd—At our interview
I practis'd every ſupple artifice
That glides into man's boſom – The return
Wa blank reſerve, ambiguous compliment,
And hatred thinly veil'd by ceremony.
Piz. Might I preſume—
Vel. Pizarro, I am ſtung—
His father Theodoſius, that proud Prince,
Who durſt avow his enmity to Philip,
And menac'd thunders at my deſtin'd head,
With all his empty turbulence of rage
Cou'd never move me like the calm diſdain
Of this cold blooded Juan.
Piz. Then, my Lord,
Your purpoſe holds.
Vel. It does---I will diſpatch
This tow'ring Duke, who keeps the cheek of Spain
Pale with perpetual danger.
Piz. For what end?
Unconſcious of his fate, he blindly ſpeeds
To find a grave in Spain---Why then reſolve
To ſpill that blood, which elſewhere will be ſhed
Without your crime or peril?
Vel. That's the queſtion,
Were I aſſur'd they meant his death, 'twere needleſs:
But when they draw him once from Portugal,
Where only he is dangerous, then perhaps
Their fears, or lenity may let him live;
And while he lives, my fiery courſe is check'd,
My ſun climbs ſlowly, never can aſcend
To its meridian brightneſs.

Piz. Still, my Lord,
My ſhort lin'd wiſdom cannot ſound your depth.
Vel. I mean to tell thee all, for thou may'ſt aid me,
And thy tried faith deſerves my confidence.
Piz. I am your own for ever---Your kind hand,
Bounteous beyond my merit, planted here
Favours innumerable---
Vel. ---Think them little---
An earneſt, not the acquittal of my love.
The enormous wealth of Juan's royal houſe,
His large domains, extended influence,
His numerous vaſſals ſo have ſwell'd his ſtate,
That were his means but puſh'd to one great end;
How eaſy might he wreſt his realm from Spain,
And brave King Philip's rage?
Piz. Good careleſs prince!
Mild and uxorious! No ambitious dream
Diſturbs his tranquil ſlumber---
Vel. Juſt his nature!
On houſehold wing he flutters round the roof,
That with the princely eagle might have ſoar'd
And met the dazzling ſun. Now by his death
(My engine cannot fail, this night he meets it)
His wealth, his mightineſs, his followers
Become Louiſa's dower---What think'ſt thou now?
Cou'd I but win her to accept my hand,
(And much my art will move, and more my power)
Might not our union, like the impetuous courſe
Of blending torrents, break all feeble mounds
Spain cou'd oppoſe to bar me from the crown?
That once obtain'd, let Olivarez rail,
Let his inglorious maſter call me traitor,
I'll ſcorn their idle fury.
Piz. Still I fear
Louiſa's heart, cold and impenetrable,
To all but Juan's love, will own no ſecond,
Tho' big ambition ſwells her female breaſt
Beyond the ſex's ſoftneſs.
Vel. My hope reſts
Even on that favourite paſſion---Grief at firſt
Will drive her far from love---A ſecond flame
Perhaps may ne'er rekindle in her heart;

Yet,

Yet, give her momentary frenzy ſcope,
It waſtes itſelf; ambition then regains
Its wonted force and winds her to my lure---
But come---I muſt not loſe theſe precious moments,
The fates are buſy now---What's yet untold,
There place thyſelf and learn---Take heed you move not. [*Pizarro retires.*
Without there! Ho!

Enter an Officer.

Offi. What is your lordſhip's pleaſure?
Vel. Attends the monk, Ramirez?
Offi. He does, my Lord.
Vel. Conduct him in and leave us.

Enter Ramirez.

You are welcome,
Moſt welcome, reverend father---Pray draw near---
We have a buſineſs for your privacy,
Of an eſpecial nature---The circling air
Shou'd not partake it, nor the babbling winds,
Leſt their inviſible wings diſperſe one breath
Of that main ſecret, which thy faithful boſom
Is only fit to treaſure.
Ram. Good my Lord,
I am no common talker.
Vel. Well I know it,
And therefore choſe thee from the brotherhood,
Not one of whom but wou'd lay by all thoughts
Of earth and Heaven, and fly to execute
What I, the voice of Spain, commiſſion'd him.
Ram. Vouchſafe directly to unfold your will,
My deeds, and not my words, muſt prove my duty,
Vel. Nay, truſt me, cou'd they but divine my purpoſe,
The holieſt he, that waſtes the midnight lamp
In prayers and penance, wou'd prevent my tongue
And hear me thank the deed, but not perſuade it.
Therefore, good friend, 'tis not neceſſity,
That ſometimes forces any preſent means,
And chequers chance with wiſdom, but free will,
The election of my judgment and love,
That gives thy aptneſs this pre-eminence.

Ram. The ſtate, I know, has ſtore of inſtruments,
Like well-rang'd arms in ready order plac'd,
Each for its ſeveral uſe.

Val. Obſerve me well;
Think not I mean to ſnatch a thankleſs office;
Who ſerves the ſtate, while I direct her helm,
Commands my friendſhip, and his own reward.
Say, can you be content in theſe poor weeds
To know no earthly hopes beyond a cloyſter?
But ſtretch'd on muſty matts in noiſome caves,
To rouſe at midnight bells, and mutter prayers
For ſouls beyond their reach, to ſenſeleſs ſaints?
To wage perpetual war with nature's bounty?
To blacken ſick men's chambers, and be number'd
With the loath'd leavings of mortality,
The watch-light, hour glaſs, and the nauſeous phial?
Are theſe the ends of life? Was this fine frame,
Nerves exquiſitely textur'd, ſoft deſires,
Aſpiring thoughts, this comprehenſive ſoul,
With all her train of god-like faculties
Given to be ſunk in this vile drudgery?

Ram. Theſe are the hard conditions of our ſtate.
We ſow our humble ſeeds with toil on earth,
To reap the harveſt of our hopes in Heaven.

Val. Yet wiſer they who truſt no future chance,
But make this earth a Heaven. Raiſe thy eyes
Up to the temporal ſplendors of our church;
Behold our priors, prelates, cardinals;
Survey their large revenues, princely ſtate,
Their palaces of marble, beds of down,
Their ſtatues, pictures, baths, luxurious tables,
That ſhame the fabled banquets of the gods.
See how they weary art, and ranſack nature
To leave no taſte, no wiſh ungratified.
Now—if thy ſpirit ſhrink not—I can raiſe thee
To all this pomp and greatneſs.—Pledge thy faith,
Swear thou wilt do this thing—whate'er I urge,
—And Liſbon's envied crozier ſhall be thine

Ram. This goodneſs, ſo tranſcending all my hopes,
Confounds my aſtoniſh'd ſenſe.—Whate'er it be
Within the compaſs of man's power to act,
I here devote me to the execution.

Val.

Vel I muſt not hear of conſcience and nice ſcruples,
Tares that abound in none but meagre ſoils,
To choak the aſpiring ſeeds of manly daring:
Thoſe puny inſtincts, which in feeble minds,
Unfit for great exploits, are miſcall'd virtue—
Ram. Still am I loſt in dark uncertainty;
And muſt for ever wander, till thy breath
Deign to diſpel the impenetrable miſt,
Fooling my ſight that ſtrives in vain to pierce it.
Vel. You are the Duke of Braganza's confeſſor,
And fame reports him an exact obſerver
Of all our churches' holy ceremonies.
He ſtill is won't whene'er he viſits Liſbon,
Ere grateful ſlumber ſeal his pious lids,
With all due reverence, from ſome prieſtly hand
To take the myſtic ſymbol of our faith.
Ram. It ever was his cuſtom, and this night
I am commanded to attend his leiſure
With preparation for the ſolemn act.
Vel. I know it—Take *(gives him a box)* thou this—
It holds a wafer
Of ſovereign virtue to enfranchiſe ſouls,
Too righteous for this world, from mortal cares.
A monk of Milan mix'd the deadly drug,
Drawn from the quinteſſence of noxious plants,
Minerals and poiſonous creatures, whoſe dull bane
Arreſts the nimble current of life's tide,
And kills without a pang.
Ram. I knew him well,
The Carmelite Caſtruccio, was it not?
Vel The ſame, he firſt approved it on a wretch
Condemn'd for murder to the ling'ring wheel.
This night commit it to Braganza's lips.
Had he a heart of iron, giant ſtrength,
The antidotes of Pontus—All were vain,
To ſtruggle with the venom's potency.
Ram. This night, my lord?
Vel. This very night, nay, ſhrink not,
Unleſs thou mean'ſt to take the lead in death,
And pull thy own deſtruction on thy head.
Ram. Give me a moment's pauſe—A deed like this—

Vel. Should be at once reſolv'd and executed.
Think'ſt thou I am a raw unpractis'd novice,
To make thy breaſt a partner to the truſt,
And not thy hand accomplice of the crime?
Why 'tis the bond for my ſecurity;
Look not amaz'd, but mark me heedfully.
Thou haſt thy choice—diſpatch mine enemy.
The means are in thy hand—be ſafe and great,
Or inſtantly prepare thee for a death
Which nothing but compliance can avert.

Ram. Numbers I know even thus have taſted death,
But ſure imagination ſcarce can form
A way ſo horrid, impious!

Vel. How's this, How's this!
Hear me, pale miſcreant, my rage once rous'd,
That hell thou dread'ſt this moment ſhall receive thee.
Look here and tremble ——— [*Draws a dagger and ſeizes him.*

Ram My lord be not ſo raſh,
Your fury's deaf—Will you not hear me ſpeak?
By ev'ry hope that cheers, all vows that bind,
Whatever horror waits upon the act,
Your will ſhall make it juſtice ——I'm reſolv'd.

Val. No trifling, Monk—take heed, for ſhould'ſt thou fail—

Ram. Then be my life the forfeit—My obedience
Not only follows from your high command,
But that my boſom ſwells againſt this Duke
With the full ſenſe of my own injuries.---

Vel. Enough---I thank thee---Let me know betimes
How we have proſper'd. Hence, retire with caution,
Deſerve my favour, and then meet me boldly. [*Exit Ramirez.*
'Tis done ——— His doom is ſeal'd ——— Come forth Pizarro.

[*Pizarro comes forward.*
Is't not a ſubtle miſchief?

Piz. Paſt all praiſe,
The holy tool had qualms.

Velaſquez

Velaſquez. [*Pointing to his dagger.*]
But this diſpell'd them,
And fortified the coward by his fears.
His work perform'd, I mean to end him too.—
Say, is my barge prepar'd as I commanded?
Piz. All is prepar'd, my Lord.
Vel. The friends of Juan,
(I'll tell thee as we paſs) they ſhall not long
Survive to lift their creſts ſo high in Liſbon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Caſtle of* Almada.

Enter Almada *and an Attendant.*

Alm. Good Perez, ſee that none to-night have entrance
But ſuch whoſe names are written in that roll,
And bid your fellows from the northern tower,
Chuſe each a faulchion, and prepare to follow
Where I at dawn will lead.
Att. I will, my Lord.
Alm. Wait near the gate thyſelf, nor ſtir from thence
Without my ſummons.
Att. Truſt my vigilance [*Exit Attendant.*
Alm. (alone) Now rayleſs midnight flings her fable pall
Athwart the horizon, and with pond'rous mace
In dead repoſe weighs down o'er-labour'd nature,
While we, the buſy inſtruments of fate,
Unmindful of her ſeaſon, wake like ghoſts,
To add new horrors to the ſhadowy ſcene.

To him enter ſeveral of the Duke of Braganza's *Friends.*

Ant. Health to Almada,
Alm. Thus to meet Antonio!
Is the beſt health, the ſoundneſs of the mind.
Better at this dark hour to embrace in arms
Thus girt for manly execution, friend!
Than in the mazes of the wanton dance,

Or revelling o'er bowls in frantic mirth,
To keep inglorious vigils.
Ant. True, my Lord.

Enter Ribiro *with* Lemos *and* Corea.

Alm. (to Ribiro.) O ſoul of honour, ever, ever conſtant.
Theſe are the worthy citizens, our friends---

Ribiro. *(Preſenting Lemos and Corea.)*

And ſuch as laurell'd Rome might well have own'd
Worthy to fill her magiſterial chairs,
When reverence bow'd to virtue tho' untitled.
Alm. As ſuch I take their hands, nay more as ſuch,
Their grateful country will rejoice to own them.
Are we all met?
Ant. Mendoza is not here,
Nor Roderic, and Mello too is abſent.
Alm. They were not wont to be thus waited for.
Rib. Anon they will be here,---mean time proceed,
They know their place already---
Alm. Why we meet,
Is not to canvaſs our opprobrious wrongs,
But to redreſs them.---Yet as trumpets ſound,
To rouſe the ſoldier's ardor,---ſo the breath
Of our calamities will wake our fires,
And fan them to ſpread wide the flame of vengeance.
'Tis not my gift to play the orator,
But in plain words to lay our ſtate before you.
---Our tyrant's grandſire, whoſe ambition claim'd,
And firſt uſurp'd Braganza's royal rights,
My blood eſtabliſh'd his deteſted ſway.
Old Tagus bluſh'd with many a crimſon tide,
Sluic'd from the nobleſt veins of Portugal.
The exterminating ſword knew no diſtinction.
Princes, and Prelates, venerable age,
Matrons, and helpleſs virgins fell together,
'Till cloy'd and ſick of ſlaughter, the tir'd ſoldier
With grim content flung down his reeking ſteel,
And glutted rage gave truce to maſſacre.

Rib.

Rib. Nor paſs'd the iron rod to milder hands
Thro' two ſucceeding reigns---With cruel zeal
The barbarous offspring emulate their ſire,
And track his bloody footſteps in our ruin.
Alm. Now mark how happily the time conſpires,
To give our great atchievement permanence;
---Spain is not what ſhe was, when Europe bow'd
To the fifth Charles, and his degenerate ſon.
When, like a torrent ſwell'd by mountain floods,
She ſwept the neighbouring nations with her arms,
And threaten'd thoſe remote---contracted now
Within an humble bed, the thrifty urn,
Of her exhauſted greatneſs, ſcarce can pour
A lazy tide thro' her own mould'ring ſtates.
Rib. Yes the Coloſſus totters, every blaſt
Shakes the ſtupendous maſs and threats its downfall.

Enter Mendoza.

Men. Break off---break off---the fatal ſnare is ſpread,
And death's pale hand aſſiſts to cloſe the toil.
Alm. Whence this dread greeting?---Ha---thy alter'd cheek
Wears not the enſign of this glowing hour.
Men. The ſcream of night owls, or the ravens croak
Wou'd better ſuit the baleful news I bring,
Than the known accents of a friendly voice.
---We are undone---betray'd---
Alm. Say'ſt thou---betray'd?
Men. Our tower is ſap'd---the high rais'd fabric falls
To cruſh us with the ruin---What avails
The full maturity of all our hopes?
This glorious league---the juſtice of our cauſe?---
---High Heaven might idly thunder on our ſide,
If traitors to ourſelves.——
Alm. Ourſelves---Oh ſhame!
I'll not believe it---What perfidious ſlaves——
Men. To whom we thought the ſinews of our ſtrength,
Don Roderic and Mello.——
Rib. Lightnings blaſt them!
May infamy record their daſtard names,
And vulgar villains ſhun their fellowſhip——
Theſe hot, loud brawlers——

Men. Are they ſlaves of Spain,
And bargain for the price of perfidy.---
On to the wharf with quick impatient ſtep,
I ſaw Velaſquez preſs, and in his train
Theſe lurking traitors---Now, even now they croſs
The ebbing Tagus in the tyrant's barge,
And haſten to the fort.---The troops of Spain,
Even while we ſpeak, are ſummon'd to the charge,
And mark us for their prey.

Alm. Nay then, 'tis paſt.
Malignant fortune, when the cup was rais'd
Cloſe to our lips, has daſh'd it to the ground.

Rib. This unexpected bolt ſtrikes flat our hopes
And leaves one dreary deſolation round us.
I ſee their hangmen muſter---wolf-ey'd cruelty,
Grimly ſedate, glares o'er her iron hoard
Of racks, wheels, engines, feels her axe's edge
Licks her fell jaws, and with a monſter's thirſt,
Already drinks our blood.

Men. There's not a pang
That rends the fibres of man's feeling frame,
No vile diſgrace, that even in thought o'erſpreads
The cheek with burning crimſon, but her hate
Ingenious to deviſe, and ſure to inflict
In keeneſt agony will make us ſuffer.

Alm. Wou'd that were all---Our diſmal ſcene muſt cloſe;
Nature o'er power'd at length will leave her load,
And baffle perſecution --- But O, Portugal!
Alas unhappy country! Where's the bourn
Can mark the extent of thy calamities.
Like winter's icy hand our luckleſs end
Will freeze the ſource of future enterprize:
Oppreſſion then o'er the devoted realm
Erect and bold will ſtalk with tenfold ravage.
There, there alone, this breaſt is vulnerable;
Theſe are the wheels that wrench, the racks that tear me.

Ant. But are there left no means to elude the danger?
Why do we linger here?---Why not reſolve
To ſave ourſelves by flight?

Men.

Men. Impoſſible!
The guards no doubt are ſet---the port is bar'd.
Alm Fly Lemos to the people, and reſtrain
Their generous ardor.---It wou'd now break forth
Uſeleſs to us, and fatal to themſelves. [*Exit Lemos.*
You to the Duke, Ribiro!---In our names,
(Perhaps our laſt requeſt) by our loſt fortunes,
By all our former friendſhip, O conjure him
To ſave our richeſt treaſure from the wreck,
Nor hazard in a deſperate enterprize
His country's laſt beſt hope, his valued life.
Rib. Support him Heaven, and arm his piety
To bear this ſad viciſſitude with patience. [*Ex. Ribiro.*
Alm. And yet we will not meet in vain, brave friends;
We came with better hopes, reſolv'd like men
To ſtruggle for our freedom. What remains?
A greater power than mortals can arraign,
Has otherwiſe decreed it.---Speak, my brothers,
Now doubly dear in ſtern adverſity;
Say, ſhall we glut the ſpoiler with our blood,
Submit to the vile inſults of their law,
To have our honeſt duſt by the ruffian hands
Given to the winds---Is this the doom that waits us?
Men. Alas what better doom? To aſk for mercy
Were ignominious, to expect it bootleſs.
Alm. To aſk for mercy---cou'd Spain ſtretch my life
To years beyond the telling, for one tear,
One word, in ſign of ſorrow, I'd diſdain it,
Death ſtill is in our pow'r---and we'll die nobly,
As ſoldiers ſhould do, red with well earn'd wounds,
And ſtretch'd on heaps of ſlaughter'd enemies.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Chamber in the Duke of* Braganza's *Palace.*

Dutcheſs *alone.*

O Thou ſupreme diſpoſer of the world!
If from my childhood to this awful now,
I've bent with meek ſubmiſſion to thy will,
Send to this feeble boſom one bleſt beam
Of that bright emanation, which inſpires
True confidence in thee, to calm the throbs
That heave this boſom for my huſband's ſafety,
And with immortal ſpirit to exalt
Above all partial ties our countries love.

To her enter Ribiro *haſtily.*

Rib. Where is the Duke? O pardon, gracious madam.

Dut. What means this haſte and theſe diſtracted looks?

Rib. Detain me not---but lead me to my Lord.——
His life, perhaps——nay, your——

Dut. His life---O heavens!
Tell me, Ribiro ——ſpeak——

Rib. Too ſoon, alas
You'll hear it---Aſk not now dear lady
What I've ſcarce breath to utter---Where's the Duke?

Dut. This moment with his confeſſor retir'd
I left him in his cloſet.

Rib. ——'Tis no time——
All muſt give place to this dire urgency.
Even while we ſpeak---A moment's precious now—
He muſt be interrupted---Guide me to him.

Dut. Suſpenſe is ling'ring death.——Come on, I'll lead you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ramirez.

Ram. O welcome interruption---Pitying Heaven
A while at leaſt arreſts the murd'rous deed,

And

And gives a moment's reſpite from damnation.
---Is there a hell beyond this war of conſcience?
My blood runs backward, and my tottering knees
Refuſe to bear their ſacrilegious load.
Methought the ſtatues of his anceſtors,
As I paſs'd by them, ſhook their marble heads;
His father's picture ſeem'd to frown in wrath,
And its eye pierce me, while I trembling ſtood
Aſſaſſin like before it---Huſh---I'm ſummon'd.

Re-enter Dutcheſs.

Dut Get you to reſt good father---Fare you well.
Some unexpected buſineſs of the ſtate
Demands my Lord's attention---For this night
Your holy function muſt be unperform'd
Till more convenient ſeaſon.

Ram Holy function! [*aſide*
I humbly take my leave, and will not fail
To recommend you in my prayers to Heaven.
[*Exit Ramirez.*

Dut. The Heavens I fear are ſhut and will not hear them,
-- Now guſh my tears---now break at once my heart!
While in my Juan's preſence, I ſuppreſs'd
The burſting grief---But here give nature way!
Is there a hope---Oh no---All horrible --
My children too---Their little lives---My huſband---
I conquer'd his reluctance—I perſuaded
By every power his boundleſs paſſion gave me---
I thought it virtue too---Myſterious Heaven?
Then I, and only I, have work'd his ruin.

Enter Duke.

Duke. Alas my love, why muſt thy Juan ſeek thee?
Why do'ſt thou ſhun me at this aweful moment?
The few ſad hours our deſtiny permits,
Shou'd ſure be ſpent together.

Dut. Muſt we part then?

Duke. I fear we muſt for ever in this world,
Till that great power who faſhion'd us in life,
Unites us once again no more to ſever;
In thoſe bleſt regions of eternal peace,

Where

Where ſorrow never enters, where thy truth,
Thy unexampl'd fortitude and ſweetneſs,
Will meet their full reward.
Dut. Where is the friend
Who rung our diſmal knell?
Duke Good generous man!
Aſſur'd of death, yet careleſs of his life,
And anxious but for us, he is return'd,
To know what our brave leaders will determine——
Yet what can they determine but to die?
Our numbers poorly arm'd, undiſciplin'd,
May fight and fall with deſperate obſtinacy,
For valour can no more---But, oh Louiſa!
Friends, country, life itſelf, all loſt ſeem little;
One ſharp devouring grief conſumes the reſt,
And makes thee all its object.
Dut. My dear huſband!
Theſe ſoft endearments, this exceſs of fondneſs,
Strike deeper to my ſoul, than all the pangs
The ſubtleſt vengeance cou'd contrive to wound me.
Oh fly me, hate me, call me murdereſs;
'Tis I have driven thee to this precipice,
I urge the ruffian hand of law to ſeize thee,
I drag thee to the block,---I lift the axe,
(Oh agony) Louiſa dooms thee dead!
Duke. ---'Tis anguiſh inſupportable to hear thee
Add ſelf-upbraidings to our miſery.
Thou my deſtroyer! No my beſt Louiſa,
Thou art my guardian angel.---At this hour,
This dreadful hour, 'tis ſafety to be near thee.
Thoſe daſtards who betray'd our brave deſign,
That baſeneſs which no caution cou'd prevent,
Nor wiſdom cou'd foreſee, 'twas that undid us.
I will not curſe them---Yet I ſwear by honour,
Thus hunted to the utmoſt verge of fate,
Without one ray of hope to cheer the danger,
I wou'd not barter this dire certainty,
For that ignoble life thoſe bad men purchaſe
By perfidy and vileneſs——
Dut. Oh two ſuch—
But indignation wants a tongue to name them.
How was their fury thunder'd on our ſide!

Their

Their youthful veins full of Patrician blood
Inſulted by Velaſquez--ſtript by Spain
Of all the ancient honours of their houſe;
Sworn at the altar to aſſert this cauſe
By holieſt adjurations:---Yet theſe two
To turn apoſtates---Can this fleeting breath,
This tranſitory, frail, uncertain being,
Be worth ſo vaſt a ranſom?

Duke. Yes, to cowards,
Such ever be the proſelytes of Spain,---
Leave them to ſcorn.---Fain wou'd I turn my thoughts
From this bad world---ſhake off the clogs of earth,
And for that great tribunal arm my ſoul,
Where Heav'n, not Spain muſt judge me --but in vain;
My ſoften'd mind ſtill hangs on thoſe bleſt days,
Thoſe years of ſweet tranquillity and peace,
When ſmiling morn but wak'd us to new joys,
And love at night ſhed bleſſings on our pillow.

Dut. Theſe hours are fled, and never can return.
'Tis Heaven's high will, and be that will obeyed.
The retroſpect of paſt felicity
Plucks not the barbed arrow from the wound,
But makes it rankle deeper.---Come my Juan,
Here bid adieu to this infectious grief,
Let's knit our conſtancy to meet a trial;
Shall we be bold in words, mere moral talkers
Declaim with pedant tongue in virtue's praiſe,
Yet find no comfort no ſupport within
From her bright energy?--- It comes --- it comes,
I feel my breaſt dilate ——The phantom, death,
Shrinks at the radient viſion —— bright-ey'd hope
Bids us aſpire, and points the ſhining throne.———
---Spain, I defy thee!

Duke. O would ſhe hew the elm,
And ſpare the tender vine———This ſtubborn trunk
Shou'd brave her fury. Here is royal blood,
And blood long thirſted for.—They cannot dare,
Inſatiate as they are, remorſeleſs, ſavage,
With ſacrilegious hands to violate
This beauteous ſanctuary. --- Let me not think.
Diſtraction---horror---Oh it ſplits my brain,
Rends every vital ſtring, and tears my heart.

Mercy

Mercy can grant no more --- nor I petition,
Than to fall dead this inſtant and forget it.
I look towards Heaven in vain.---Gape wide, O earth,
And bury, bury deep this load of anguiſh.
Dut. Be not ſo loſt.--Hear, Oh hear me Juan,
My lord, my life, my love.—Wilt thou not ſpeak?
He heeds me not.—What ſhall I ſay to move him?
For pity's ſake look up.—Oh think Braganza
Cou'd Spain behold thee thus———
Duke. Oh no, Louiſa,
No eye ſhall ſee me melt.—I will be calm,
Still, ſilent, motionleſs.—Oh tough, tough heart,
Wou'd I could weep to eaſe thee———
Dut. Here, weep here,
Poor the warm ſtream into this faithful breaſt,
Thy ſorrows here ſhall find a kindred ſource,
Which flows for every tear with drops of blood.
Now ſummon all thy ſoul.——Behold, he comes
To thunder our irrevocable doom.

Enter Ribiro.

Rib. O for an angel's organ to proclaim
Such gratulations as no tongue can ſpeak,
Nor mortal breaſt conceive—joy, boundleſs joy.
Duke. Am I awake?—Thou can'ſt not mean to mock me.
Rib. I ſhall go wild with tranſport.—On my knee
I beg you to forgive the cruel ſhock
This tongue (Heaven knows with what ſevere reluctance)
So lately gave to all your deareſt hopes.
Duke. No, let me take that poſture: for I ſwear,
Tho' yet I know not why, my lighten'd heart
Beats freer, and ſeems eas'd of half its burthen
—Forgive my ſtrong impatience—quickly tell me.
Rib. Still ignorant of our intended vengeance,
Velaſquez is return'd—Our gallant friends
Were wrong'd by raſh ſuſpicion.———
Duke. Heard I right?
Or is't illuſion all? *(embracing him)* Thus let me thank thee.
Louiſa then is ſafe—Fountain of mercy!
Theſe late deſparing arms again enfold her,

My

My Queen, my love, my wife!———
Dut. Flow, flow my tears;
Take, bounteous lord of all, this melting tribute,
My heart can give no more for all thy goodneſs.
Duke. And now diſcloſe this wonder.
Rib. Thus, my lord,
When at the appointed time, our two brave friends
Were haſt'ning to Almada, near the ſquare,
Velaſquez and his followers croſs'd their ſteps,
Their courſe ſeem'd towards the river;—ſtruck with fear,
And ignorant what cauſe at that late hour
Cou'd draw him from the palace; ſtraight they chang'd
Their firſt intent of joining our aſſembly,
And unobſerv'd purſu'd the attending train.
Think what theſe brave men ſuffer'd when they ſaw
The tyrant climb his barge, and puſh from ſhore.
Their ſwords were half unſheath'd, both half reſolv'd
To ruſh at once, and pierce him to the heart.
—But prudence, or our fortune check'd their hands.
Duke. It had been certain ruin—but go on———
Rib. An inſtant paſs'd in thought, they ſeiz'd a boat,
And following, anxious hung on all his motions:
Mendoza ſaw them thus—then hurrying back,
Fill'd us with conſternation at the tidings.
Dut Nor was it ſtrange—it wore a dreadful aſpect;
But fear interprets all things to its danger.
Rib. He croſs'd the river where Jago's fort
Commands the narrowing ſtream. The governor
Attended at the gate, a while there paſs'd
In ſhort but earneſt converſe, they took leave,
With haſty ſtrides Velaſquez reimbark'd;
The veſſel, to the ſhore ſhe left, return'd,
And her proud maſter ſought again the palace.
Dut. Cou'd not our valiant friends diſcover ought
That might reveal his purpoſe?
Rib. Madam—no.
To have enquir'd too near were dangerous
Beſides, their haſte to reaſſure our hopes
Preſs'd their return—But thus we may reſolve:
He apprehends ſome danger imminet.
He ſees above his head the gathering cloud,

But

But knows not when 'twill burſt in thunder on him.

Duke. Thanks, gentle friend—Alas, I tremble ſtill;
As juſt eſcap'd from ſhipwreck, I look round,
And tho' I tread on earth,—firm, ſolid earth
See with broad eye the threatning ſurge far off,
Scarce can I credit my conflicting ſenſe
Or truſt our preſervation———

Dut. Thy glad tale
Has rais'd me from the gulph of black deſpair,
Even to the topmoſt pinnacle of joy.
Yes, we ſhall conquer—All theſe dangers paſt
Will ſerve but to enrich the future ſtory.
Our children's children ſhall recount each fear,
And from the mingled texture of our lives,
Learn to revere that ſacred Providence
That guides the ſtrife of virtue.

Duke. O Louiſa!
I thought I knew the extent of all my fondneſs,
That long acquaintance with thy wondrous virtue
Had given thee ſuch dominion o'er my ſoul,
Time cou'd not add to my traſcendent paſſion.
But when the danger came, it wak'd new fires,
Preſented thee in ſofter lovelineſs,
And twin'd thee cloſer here.

Rib. My lord, ere this
Our friends expect me.———

Duke. Let us fly to meet them.
I long to pour into their generous breaſts
My cordial greeting.

Dut. Go my deareſt Juan,
To them and all commend me; ſuch rare zeal
Merits more recompence than our poor thanks
Can at beſt requite. For ſouls like theirs
Ill brook the indignity of foul ſurmiſe;
And virtue wrong'd demands a double homage.
[*Exit Dutcheſs.*

Duke. If the good augury of my breaſt deceive not,
No more ſuch terrors will appal our ſouls,
But guilt alone ſhall tremble—Come, Ribiro. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to the Caſtle of* Almada.

Almada *and ſeveral conſpiratrors as before, with* Mello *and* Roderic.

Alm. Again our hopes revive—The unloaded ſtem
Shakes the wet tempeſt from its vigorous head,
And rears the ſwelling harveſt to our ſight.
Men. After the chillings of this aguiſh fear,
Methinks I breathe more free—the vital ſtream
In ſprightlier tides flows thorough its wonted courſe,
Warms my whole frame and doubly man's my heart.
Alm. And may the generous ardor ſpread to all—
Obſerve me friends—our numbers muſt divide
Into four equal bands, all to attack
At the bell's ſignal the four palace gates.
So every paſſage barr'd, the foe in vain
May ſtrive to unite and overwhelm our force.
Myſelf with the brave few, who have ſworn to follow,
Will ruſh impetuous on the German guard,
Who at the northern entrance hold their ſtation.
—The fort be Roderic and Mello's care,
With Ferdinand, Henriquez, and Antonio
---Mendoza, Carlos, and their gallant troop,
Muſt ſeize the regent Margaret, and ſecure
The counſellors of Spain as hoſtages
For the ſurrender of the citadel.
Men. Letters to every province are diſpers'd
Importing this great change, and all are ready
To ſhake to earth the intolerable yoke.
Nay diſtant India, in her ſultry mines,
Shall hear the chearful ſound of liberty;
Again fair commerce welcom'd to our ſhore,
Shall looſe her ſwelling canvas to the winds,
And golden Tagus heave once more to meet her.
But ſee the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Alm. Your unexpected preſence,
Like a propitious omen cheers the night,
And gives a royal ſanction to this meeting.
Duke. My wiſh ſurpaſs'd my ſpeed---A call like this
Might imp the tardineſs of feeble age.
The general perſeverance in our cauſe

Tranſcends

Tranſcends all gratitude---but theſe wrong'd virtues---
[*To Mello and Roderic.*
Mel. Pray forbear;
The painful error brought its puniſhment.
Ribiro bore our duties to your grace.
Duke. He did, and ſoon will join us---On our way
He left me with deſign once more to view
The poſture of the guards,---for ſtill we fear
Some dark impending miſchief from Velaſquez
Alm. What ever fortune waits upon our ſwords,
Your highneſs muſt not ſhare the common hazard;
Leſt in the tumult ſome inglorious chance
Deprive your country of its laſt beſt bulwark.
Duke. And ſhou'd I merit to be call'd her bulwark,
Or rank with men like you---cou'd I ſubmit
To hear, and not partake the glorious danger?
Alm. Pray be adviſ'd---in this I muſt command.
Duke. Then be it ſo---but yet ſhou'd ought betide
To claim the intereſt of thy prince's arm,
I canno wrong our friendſhip to ſuſpect
You will forbear my ſummon to the field.
Alm. Truſt your Almada---Lo! the night wears faſt;
Nor are our ſcatter'd numbers yet return'd.
Duke. Welcome Ribiro! What intelligence?
Enter Ribiro.
Rib. The worſt if we delay---Oh had your eyes
Beheld the ſight that blaſted mine.
Duke. What ſight?
Rib. Lemos is ſeiz'd this moment---and Pizarro,
The ready tool of fell Velaſquez' crimes,
Leads him to priſon.
Duke. Soon we'll wrench the gates,
And from their gloomy caverns draw to light
All that remains of thoſe unhappy men,
Whom unarraign'd unheard the tyrants nod
Conſign'd to horrors nature ſhakes to think of
Alm. His triumph will be ſhort---The ſubtle fiend
May league with hell to thwart us---but in vain;
His fate or ours muſt quickly be decided.
Rib. Even now it ſeems his demon whiſpers him
His audit is at hand and ſcares his ſoul.
Anxious at this late hour, he walks his chamber,
Nor

Nor ſeeks the ſeaſon's reſt---and ſtill more ſtrange
The palace guards ſtretch'd by their glimmering fires,
Their arms caſt by, lye wrapt in thoughtleſs ſleep.

Duke. Anon we'll rouſe them with ſo loud a peal,
That death's dull ear ſhall hear it.

Alm. Corea!
Soon as our work begins, your hardy tribes
Muſt thro' the ſtreets proclaim Don Juan King.
Preſs towards the palace; ſhou'd our friends ground,
Suſtain their fainting ſtrength.

Cor. We will not fail

Alm. The general ſuffrage to thy ſword, Ribiio,
Commits our maſter work; a deed ſo envied
That ev'ry trenchant ſteel of Portugal
(Did not thy gallant zeal demand it firſt)
Would ſtrike to ſhare the glory.

Rib. (Pointing to his ſword) This ſhall thank you,
And if it reek not with his hated blood
Exchange it for a diſtaff.

Alm. Friends, I mean not
By gloomy preſage to allay your ardor.
We muſt not look to fortune in this cauſe:
But on our ſelves rely for ſure ſucceſs.
The leaſt diſorder in our blood approach,
The leaſt repulſe may drive our engine back.
One brave man's raſhneſs, or one coward's fear,
Turns all our faireſt hopes to ſhame and ruin.

Duke Now to our ſtations---Yet ere we depart
This honeſt pledge, the ſoldier's ſhort embrace.
The ſweet remembrance, if we fall for freedom,
Will more than ſoften half the pains of dying;
But if we meet, in ſtronger claſps renew'd,
Will double all our joys of victory.

End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Apartment of Velaſquez *in the royal Palace.*

Velaſquez *alone.*

WHY am I haunted by theſe phantom fears?
It cannot be my fate. 'Tis nature's weakneſs;
The ſpirits rais'd too high, like billows puff'd
By ſudden ſtorms, lift up our little bark,
Then ſlipping from their burthen, ſink as faſt,
And leave it wreck'd and found'ring.

Enter Pizarro.

Vel. Have you, as I commanded, queſtion'd Lemos?
Piz. Juſt now I left him.
Vel. Has the ſlave confeſs'd?
Piz With ſullen calmneſs he defies your power,
Or anſwers but with ſcorn.
Vel. We'll find the means
To make him ſpeak more plainly, to bring down
This daring ſpirit--- He is dangerous;
And under the fair maſk of public virtue,
Combines with proud Almada and the reſt
In dark confed'racy againſt my ſtate.
Piz. He is my Lord, the maſter-ſpring that moves
The factious populace.
Vel. I know it well,
But I have ta'en ſuch care as ſhall unhinge
Their ill-contriv'd deſigns. Ere noon to-morrow,
Don Garcia, with the Spaniſh veterans
From Saint Jago's fortreſs, ſhall pour in
And bend theſe ſtubborn necks to due obedience.
How will their diſappointed fury rave
To find their royal demagogue, Braganza,
The idol their vain worſhip rais'd ſo high,

Low

Low levell'd with the earth.---I wonder much
Ramirez not returns---Night's lateſt watch
Will ſoon be told.

Piz. Perhaps he but delays
(For better welcome) to behold the effect
Of the dire venom, and to glad your ears
By telling how your enemy expir'd.

Vel. It may be ſo, I cannot doubt the effect;
Poiſon adminiſter'd will do its work,
And this moſt ſpeedily; 'tis ſwift perdition.
Yet, tho' this hour cuts off my greateſt foe,
If my firm ſoul were capable of fear,
I might diſtruſt the promiſe of my fortunes.

Piz. Wherefore, my Lord?

Vel. I almoſt bluſh to tell it,
Tir'd with the travail of this anxious night,
I threw me on my couch, and try'd to reſt;
I try'd in vain --- my vexed lids ſcarce clos'd;
Or when a momentary ſlumber ſeal'd them,
Strange viſions ſwam before their twilight ſenſe:
---But why retrace the hideous phantaſy?
Yet ſtill it hovers round me, ſtill remains
A fearful reverence of the paſt illuſion.

Piz. Such reverence but degrades a noble mind,
And ſinks its vigour to an infant's weakneſs,
Beldams and prieſts infuſe theſe idle fears,
And turn the milk of nature to its bane.

[*Noiſe at a diſtance.*

Vel. Heard you that noiſe? Didſt thou not mark; Pizarro?
The monk has kept his word---'Tis Juan's knell:
His followers who ſhouted him at noon,
Now wail his death.---My genius now has room;
Their ſorrows are my triumph, and proclaim
Aſſur'd ſucceſs to my aſpiring ſoul.

Piz. Sure 'tis the din of claſhing arms---again---
It comes this way---

Enter Officer *with his ſword drawn.*

Vel. Ha! bleeding---ſpeak
Know you the cauſe?---Speak, inſtant, ſpeak---

Offi. Too well!
The raging multitude have forc'd their way;

Their

Their cry is. Where's the tyrant?---Where's Velaſquez?
Don Juan's at their head, and guides the ſtorm.
Vel. Juan alive! eternal ſilence ſeize thee!
Impoſſible!
Offi. Theſe eyes, my Lord, beheld him--!
Saw his rais'd arm---
Vel. Ha! am I then betray'd!
Perdition catch Ramirez --You, Pizarro,
Collect my ſcatter'd train---I'll forth, and meet
The rebel's ſword.
Piz. Be not ſo raſh,
Nor venture ſingly--- [*Exit Velaſquez.*
Offi. He ruſhes on his death.
Two of my ſoldiers are already ſlain.
Striving to bar the outward palace gates;
Where like a tide the frantic people preſs,
Bearing down all before them.
Piz. Hence, begone;
The uproar's louder---Wake the ſleeping grooms---
Bid them bring arms---Alarm the magiſtrates --
Send to the guard and draw them to the ſquare.
[*Exit* Officer.

Re-enter Velaſquez.———

Vel. Ruined! undone! all's loſt---the ſtreets are throng'd
With raging citizens---A furious band
Of armed Portugueze juſt now are mounting,
Fate's bloody book is opened; and I read
My dreadful doom: yet I'll not tamely yield,
But grapple to the laſt with deſtiny.
Piz. All is not loſt---perhaps ſome means are left.
Vel. Juſt at the gate I met the daſtard monk
Struggling for entrance---ſcarce his breath ſuffic'd
To tell me that our purpoſe had miſcarried,
And Juan lives---I ſtabb'd him to the heart,
The beſt reward for unperforming fear.

Piz.

Piz. Think not of him---but ſave yourſelf by flight.
Vel. Where can I fly?---I am beſet, devoted---
Our foes like famiſh'd blood-hounds are abroad,
And have us in the wind.
Piz. Reſolve at once.———
The poſtern's yet unſore'd, that way eſcape,
Diſguiſe yourſelf, and fly to Juan's palace.
'Tis but the terrace length---Implore his mercy;
It is the fooliſh weakneſs of his nature
To ſpare where he may puniſh.
Vel. Aſk my life!
No, rather let me periſh---Hold---his wife---
Perhaps alone, unguarded---If I fall,
I'll leave a ſcorpion in the traitor's breaſt,
Shall make him curſe the hour he rous'd my fury.
[*Exit.*
Piz. (alone.) Now let the tempeſt riſe---Oh, fickle fortune!
This moment mounted to thy giddy top,
Now whirl'd to earth and groveling----Hark----they come.
Rib. (entering with others.) Search all the chambers ———if the villain 'ſcape
Our work's but half accompliſh'd———
Piz. Paſs no farther.
Rib. This is the tyrant's boſom counſellor.
Where is thy maſter, Spaniard?
Piz. Safe, I hope,
From lawleſs rage like thine, and ſtill we live
To puniſh this outrageous violence.
Rib. Inſolent ſlave---And yet I like thy courage.
'Tis vain to ſtrive, deliver up thy ſword.
I will not force thee to betray thy maſter,
Perfidious as he is---Even in a foe
I can diſcern virtue, and eſteem it.
Gonzalez, guard him ſafe---the reſt diſperſe,
And leave no place unſearch'd---He muſt be found:
But by your loves I charge you kill him not.
Rob not my ſword, but leave that ſtroke for me.
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to the Duke of* Braganza's *Palace.*
Enter Dutcheſs, *and attendant following.*

Dut. No, Ines, no, I love my huſband much,
But more his honour. Cou'd I preſs his ſtay
In tame inaction here to wait the event,
While almoſt in his ſight, his crown and glory
Hung on the doubtful fate of others ſwords?
Wou'd he have heard me? No, I knew him better.
Soon as Almada's danger reach'd his ear,
Who twice repuls'd cou'd ſcarce renew the charge,
(Swift as a javelin cuts the whiſtling air)
He ſnatch'd his ſword, and breaking from my arms,
Ruſh'd to the fight, and join'd the warring throng.
Ines. That favouring power which has ſo oft preſerv'd,
Will not forſake him now.
Dut. O grant it Heaven!
Go, Ines, to the terrace, and obſerve
If any friend (for ſure I may expect it)
Bring tidings from my huſband. [*Exit Ines.*
Would this arm,
This feeble arm had ſtrength to ſecond him!
The conflict here is worſe---My reſtleſs heart,
Swell'd with eventful expectation, throbs
And feels its bounds too narrow.---Fear on fear,
Like light reflected from the dancing wave,
Viſits all places, but can reſt in none.
The diſtant ſhouts, that break the morning ſky,
Lift up a while my mounting thoughts to Heaven,
Then ſinking, leave them to fall down as low,
In boding apprehenſion.---Welcome, welcome!

Enter Mendoza.

What of my lord?
Men. He bad me fly to greet you;
Himſelf a while detain'd to ſtop the rage
Of cruelty and carnage.
Dut. He returns
Unhurt, victorious to theſe happy arms?
Men. All, all your fondeſt wiſh cou'd form he brings,
Crown,

Crown, conqueſt, all---Oppreſſion is no more,
Pierc'd by a thouſand wounds the giant dies,
While free-born men with fearleſs gaze walk round,
And view the monſter's bulk.

Dut. I wou'd know more———
Was it a dear bought triumph? Muſt we mourn
The fall of many friends?

Men. Scarce one of note
But lives to ſhare our joy.---The regent ſeiz'd,
Gave orders for the citadel's ſurrender,
To ſave the threaten'd lives of the whole council,
Whom ſleeping we ſecur'd.---Poorly content
To obey her mandate, though he knew it forc'd,
The daſtard governor reſign'd his charge,
And ſtruck the Auſtrian banner.---Such the power
Of Juan's royal name, and conquering arm.
The reſt himſelf will tell---I muſt return.---
Abroad the wild commotion rages ſtill;
The King may want my ſervice---Angels guard you.
[Exit Mendoza.

Dut. O fly, begone, loſe not a thought on me.
Now to thy reſt, my ſoul, thy pray'ers are heard.
From this white hour the bright revolving ſun
With kinder beams ſhall view this ſmiling land;
A grateful people, by my Juan's arm,
Reſcued from ſhameful bonds, ſhall bleſs his name,
And own him their preſerver. *(Enter Ines)* From my lord?

Ines. Madam, not yet---A ſtranger at the gate,
Diſguis'd, and almoſt breathleſs with his fears,
With earneſt importunity entreats
He may have leave to caſt him at your feet.
His accents mov'd me much; he ſeems afflicted.

Dut. Some wretch eſcap'd from the purſuer's rage,
And flies for ſhelter here.---Yes, let him come.
[Exit Ines.

Dut. (alone.) Wou'd I cou'd ſave them all---my woman's ſoul,
Forc'd from her place in this tumultuous ſcene,
But ill ſupports the aſſum'd ſeverity,
And finds her native ſeat in ſoft compaſſion.

Enter Velaſquez, *diſguiſed.*

Whoe'er thou art, be ſafe.---The greedy ſword
Will have enough of death, and well may ſpare
One fugitive, who ſhuns its cruel edge
To wait the ſtroke of nature.—Truſt thy ſafety.—
Why do thy doubtful eyes ſo oft look round?
Here are no enemies.—My word is paſs'd
Inviolable as recorded oaths.———
---Methinks I have ſeen that face.---Stay, art thou not———

Vel. The man you moſt ſhou'd fear, moſt hate.

Dut. Velaſquez!

Vel. Yes, that devoted wretch, the loſt Velaſquez;
From the high top of proud proſperity,
Sunk to this ignominy.

Dut. Preſumptuous man!
If mercy cou'd know bounds, thy monſtrous crimes
Almoſt exceed them.---Speak then, what cou'd urge thee
To ſeek the ſhelter of this hoſtile roof,
And truſt a virtue to thy ſoul a ſtranger?

Vel. Fate left no ſecond choice.---Cloſe at my heels
Revenge and death inſatiably purſu'd;
Fear lent me ſpeed, and this way wing'd my flight.
Why flaſh thoſe eyes with anger?---Royal lady!
Fortune has ſtripp'd me of the power to injure;
A ſtingleſs ſerpent, a poor fang-drawn lion,
Fitter for ſcorn than terror.———

Dut. Thou art fallen!
Yet let me not inſult thy alter'd ſtate,
By pity or upbraiding.---If thy life
Be worth the acceptance---take it---and hereafter
Waſh out the foulneſs of thy former deeds
By penitence and better purpoſes. [*ſhouts without.*]
Theſe joyful ſounds proclaim my Juan near
(To Valeſquez)---Retire a while till I prepare my lord
To ſhield thee from the angry nobles rage,
All were combin'd to take thy forfeit life.---

Duke.

Duke. (*without.*) Throw wide the palace gates---
Let all have entrance
Dut. His well-known voice---'Tis he, 'tis he himſelf!
Duke. (*without.*) Where is my queen?
Dut. Quick let me fly to meet him,
Fly to my hero's breaſt.---
[*Velaſquez ſeizes her and draws a dagger.*
Vel. Hold, madam, hold,
Thus I arreſt your tranſports
Dut. Barbarian! monſter!
Duke. (*entering.*) What ſounds are theſe? Horror!
Inhuman ſlave?
Turn thy fell pogniard here
Vel. Approach not, ſtir not.
Or by the blackeſt furies hell ere loos'd,
This dagger drinks her blood.
Duke. See, I obey,
I breathe not, ſtir not, I am rooted here.
Here will I grow for ages.
Dut. Oh my Juan!
Duke. O horrible! Does Juan live for this?
Curs'd be the fatal fire that led my ſteps
To follow falſe ambition, while I left
To lurking robbers an unguarded prize;
This gem more worth than crowns or worlds can
ranſom.
Vel. Take back a name more foul, thou dark uſurper.
Was it for this, thy unſuſpecting prince
With laviſh bounty, to thy faithleſs hand
Truſted his royal functions? Thus to arm
'Gainſt his own breaſt, thy black ingratitude.
Duke. Muſt I endure it?
Dut. Out! falſe hypocrite!
Thy tyrants ſnares were found, his flimſy nets
To catch that precious life long ſince unravel'd,
Thy conſcious cheek avows it.
Vel. Be it ſo ---
Dut. Coward! Perfidious coward! Is it thus,
Thus you requite---
Vel. Thy fooliſh pity---thus---
Hear me thou rebel---Is this woman dear?
Duke. O heavens!

Vel. Thy ſtraining eyes, thy agonizing heart,
Thy life's inglorious dotage all proclaim it.

Dut. Peace, devil, peace, nor wound his generous ſoul
By taunts that fiends might bluſh at.

Duke. Speak thy purpoſe

Vel. Then briefly thus---call off thy traiterous guards,
--The fruits of thy foul treaſon, every poſt,
Seiz'd by the midnight plots, thy rebel arms
Reſtore again to Spain---Back to the palace
Give me ſave conduct---To thy oaths I truſt not;
It muſt be done this inſtant---leave my power
To intercede with Spain for thy full pardon,
And grace to all, whom thy ill-ſtar'd ambition
Led to this baſe revolt---Elſe, by my rage!
The boiling rage that works my ſoul to frenzy,
Thou ſhalt behold this beauteous boſom gor'd,
All over gaſh'd and mangled

Dut. Strike this inſtant!

Duke. Hold, ruffian, hold!

Dut. Give me a thouſand deaths;
Here let me fall a glorious ſacrifice,
Rather than buy my life by ſuch diſhonour.
(To the Duke) If thy fond love accept theſe ſhameful terms,
That moment is my laſt---theſe hands ſhall end me.
(To Valeſquez) Blood thirſty tyger, glut thy fury here.

Vel. Her courage blaſts my purpoſe *(aſide)* doſt thou brave me?

Dut. Defy thee---yes---feel, do I ſhrink or tremble?
Serene undaunted will I meet the blow;
But ev'ry drop that ſtains thy reeking hands,
In thy laſt pangs ſhall cry for vengeance on thee.
Furies ſhall ſeize thee, ſhake their ſcorpion whips,
And in thy deafen'd ears, ſtill hollow, murder.

Vel. No more---Reſolve--- *(To the Duke.)* Not Heaven itſelf can ſave her.
Ha!! darkneſs cover me!! he ſtill alive!
Fate thou haſt caught me---Every hope is loſt.

Enter

Enter Ramirez, wounded, Almade, Ribira, Mendoza and others following---The Duke and Dutchess run to each others arms---Velasquez is seized.

Duke. I have thee once again, my heart's best treasure,
Sav'd from the vulture's talons---O dire fiend!
Vel. Unhand me---No---though earth and hell conspire.
Dut. Blasphemer, down! and own a power above thee!
Rib. Secure this monster---Read this paper, madam:
Returning from the charge we found that wretch
Stretch'd in our way and welt'ring in his blood:
Earnest he begg'd we shou'd commit to note
These few short words, and bear them to the Duke.
That done, he dragg'd his bleeding body on,
And came to die before him.
Duke. Oh, Ramirez!
Ev'n in this day of joy my heart runs o'er
With sorrow for thy fate---What cruel hand?
Ram. ---A villain's hand, yet Heaven directed it.
I have not strength to publish all my shame,
That roll contains it---This wide gaping wound,
My deep remorse, may expiate my crime:
But, Oh! that tempter---
Duke. Ha! he faints, support him.
Thy crime, what crime?
Ram. Thy happier star prevail'd,
Else, hadst thou died even by the pious act
That seals our peace above.
Duke. Merciful powers!
Ram. Yet ere I sink, speak comfort to my soul,
And bless me with forgiveness.
Duke. Take it freely.
Ram. Enough, I die contented. [*He is led off.*
Dut. O my Juan,
Peruse that tale and wonder---Impious wretch,
Well might my heart stand still---my blood run cold,
And struggling nature murmur strong reluctance
Against my foolish pity---While I meant

To

To ſtep between thee and the brandiſh'd bolt,
To relcue from the ſtroke of righteous juſtice
The foul ſuborner of my huſband's murder.

Vel. Curſe on the coward's fears prevented it!
Wither theſe ſinews that relax'd their hold,
And left thy feeble wing to ſoar above me.

Duke. Hence with that villain---Drag him from my ſight.

Till aweful juſtice doom his forfeit life,
Let heavieſt chains ſecure him---Hence, begone.

Vel. Yes, in your gloomieſt dungeons plunge me down.
Welcome congenial darkneſs---Horrors hail!
No more theſe loathing eyes ſhall view that ſun,
Whoſe irkſome beams light up thy pageant triumph.

He is led off by Ribiro and others.

Duke. Thou ever preſent, all protecting power!
Thro' what dark clouds of thick involving danger
Thy watchful providence has led my ſteps?
The imagin'd woes that ſunk me in deſpair,
Thou mad'ſt the wond'rous inſtruments to ſave me.

Dut. I feel, I own the high ſupremacy---
Yet have I much to aſk---Thy victory---

Duke. For that our thanks to this brave man are due
He choſe the poſt of danger, and expos'd
His dauntleſs breaſt againſt the ſtubborn force
Of ſteady northern courage.

Alm. Twice was I down,
And twice my prince's valour reſcued me.

Duke. For ever hallow'd be the well-pois'd blade
That ſav'd that reverend head.

Dut. Fortune was kind, Almada, to commit
Your ſafety to the arm you taught to conquer.

Alm. Henceforth I more ſhall prize that trifle life,
Since now I owe it to my ſovereign's valour.

Enter Ribiro.

Rib. Vengeance thy debt is paid---The tyrant's dead.

Duke. Say'ſt thou? Velaſquez!

Rib. Aye, what was Velaſquez
Diſpers'd and mangled by the people's rage,

In

In bloody fragments ſtains a thouſand hands;
Like ravenous wolves by eager famine pinch'd,
With worrying fangs they dragg'd him from my graſp,
And in my ſight tore out his reeking entrails.

Duke. His blood be on his head, and may his end,
Provok'd by crimes beyond the reach o' pardon,
Strike terror to the ſouls of impious men,
Who own no God, but from his pow'r to puniſh.

THE END

In bloody fragments flaies a thousand hands;
Like ravenous wolves by eager famine pinch'd,
With worrying fangs they dragg'd him from my grafp,
And in my sight tore out his reeking entrails.
Duke. His blood be on his head, and may his ene-
Provok'd by crimes beyond the reach o' pardon,
Strike terror to the souls of impious men,
Who own no God, but from his pow'r to vanish.

THE END

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